RICHMOND
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POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

"The Friendly Newspaper That Dares To Tell The Truth."

Volume Two | Richmond, California, Friday, February, 16 1934 | Number One

OBSERVATIONS

By Lee D. Windrem

The die-hard Republians are having a world of trouble. It is difficult to believe that a good American citizen would see the country destroyed rather than to have a Democrat succeed in the presidency. But evidently that is Good Old Policy for the Republicans.

* * *

Every once in a while they think they have a target upon which to train their trusty blunderbuss—which is full of blunders—but before they can get well-sighted the target disappears and they have to change the gun to the other shoulder and then before they can draw a bead the target is moved again.

* * *

And the poor suckers are left without any ammunition at all.

* * *

They yearn for the good old days of Hooverism when 12 millions of unemployed were walking our streets and the budget failed to balance by 3½ billions of dollars, and President Hoover was reaching around the corner for prosperity, but his arm wasn't long enough by about three feet.

* * *

Them were the Grand Old Days that these guys are regretting and want them back again. Them days when farmers were losing their farms, and bankers were closing their doors, and business men were nursing flat feet.

* * *

Them were the Grand Old Days for the Grand Old Party. They were showing their class by setting an all-time, all-high record for unemployment in our country. Every time a multimillionaire was created by the Grand Old Party they very cleverly balanced the budget by creating a million unemployed men . . . a record that stands unparalelled in the world's history.

* * *

I ask you!

SCHOOL BOARD RACE

Three candidates, including the incumbent members, A. A. Hughes, and Robert Collins, have thrown their hats into the ring for the school board race which is scheduled to finish at the election on March 30th. Residents of Richmond who recall the hectic battle of last year when Trustees Scott and Hughes displaced the incumbents, Dr. Cunningham and Ralph Bergen, cannot help but wonder about the eventualities this year. Hughes as chairman of the Board aboutthis year certainly hasn't lost his ability to keep things interesting—and so we can only look to our local daily papers who made such a fight for him last year to see if they are now satisfied. Possibly the third candidate to announce, Bob Cox, insurance broker may complicate matter, depending on whether or not he is the "favored one" of the school bloc. Time will tell, and so will the Progress as the campaign develops.

New Mailman

Our good friend and subscriber, E. Perry Lasater, has been awarded the parcel post delivery service, and Rudy Gandy will take his place on the Point mail route.

"BACK TO SANITY!!!!" AND Poverty.

That brilliant All-time All-American X Senator George Moses, of New Hampshire, who was buried, and interred, beneath the terrific avalanche of votes a year ago last November has now evidently been given first aid resuscitation by the Middlesex fire department, has come up for air, raised his trusty blunderbuss to his shoulder in an effort to aim at our fast-moving President . . . and the sole and sum total of all the blunders in his blunderbuss is summed up in the vacuous phrase—"Back to Sanity!"

What a Wow! Does the X-senator mean: Back to HOOVER? How the boys on the CWA would like That! Or reharking back to the days of Harding's campaign does he mean "Back to Normalcy?" Shades of the Tea Pot Dome Scandal!! Back to—what? For gosh sakes, X-senator, don't you know that the people of the United States are not going BACK to anything! They are going forward with President Roosevelt; and the only way you Retreating Republicans are ever going to even have a look-in is to come out with something better for us poor working stiffs than the CWA. And don't make the mistake of whimpering the Conservative whine of "Where's the money coming from?" Read the Current Telegraph note that the SECOND Treasury re-financing issue of $800,000,000 in the $10,000,000,000 program has been OVER-SUBSCRIBED in jig time.

Come again, Senator, and many times—and if the Democratic National Committee doesn't put you on the payroll for the good you can do us Democrats, they are asleep at the swi m and we shall vote to have them all shot at sunrise.

SIXTH CONGRESSIONAL CON. TO MEET HERE FEB. 22ND

The Federal Club announces it will have as its guests on Washington's Birthday at the Red Men's Hall, the Sixth Congressional Democratic Conference which is scheduled to hold a meeting packed with interest for every voter in this district.

First Vice President A. C. 'Gus' Lang, head of the Richmond Federal Unit, will act as master of ceremonies for the Federal Club and a grand time is promised to all who come.

HISTORICAL CALIFORNIA

California's history as a territory was started in the Missions such as those pictured above. They are: at top, Mission of San Carlos Borromeo, Monterey County; at left, Mission San Gabriel, Los Angeles County; and San Juan Capistrano Mission, Orange County.

With sword and candle, the Catholic priests and Spanish explorers invaded and settled California, spreading their faith among the Indians anti later the adventurous whites, who came in search of gold. For a time they ruled a vast empire. Today, while their work is still honored, their memory is kept alive in the large by the ruins of their missions.

Mission San Carlos Borromeo, one of the oldest and most interesting, is situated in the Carmel Valley, about three miles from Del Monte, playground of the rich. Founded by Father Junipero Serra in 1771, this mission became the headquarters of the father administrator. Father Serra was laid to rest beneath the altar of this old church.

The stirring events of 1771 on the Atlantic seaboard were strangely paralleled on the Pacific Coast with the peaceful invasion of the Padres. In that year, two Franciscan Fathers, Benito Mambon and Angel Somera founded Mission San Gabriel Archangel near Los Angeles.

Life-size statues of the Saints adorn the quaint altar; the baptismal font of hammered copper was brought from Europe long before the first Mission was built in California. Today, the stairway shows evidence of the tread of many thousand Indian feet paddling up and down, to and from the choir loft.

Founded in November, 1776, and destroyed by an earthquake in 1812, the ruins of San Juan Capistrano Mission remain today still impressive and grand, a monument to the spiritual and cultural achievement of the mission padres.

Disintegration of the adobe buildings has been checked. They have been restored to their former picturesque appearance.

This is the first of a series of very interesting articles about our glorious State of California, which the Progress has arranged to present to our readers.

Subscribe for the Progress—a friendly newspaper that tells the truth so we can go forward!

THE POINT IN SUMMER TIME

By E. B. Hall

I long fer th' days when th' butter'll spread
Without tearin' a hole in my hunk o' bread.
When fer bedclothes no longer I'll holler fer more,
Nor dread in th' morning my foot on the floor.
When no longer fer anglin' I'll ardently wish,
But I'll get out th' ole rod and catch a da fish!

When th' doors o' th' Bath House swing to the touch
O' th' mermaids, th' mermen, th' kids an' all such.
When I know it won't worry our Editor's soul
How in heck he will pay fer th' next sack o' coal!

O, th' winter's all right, but we class it with fleas
An' such things as were put here us humans to tease.
But I must bid you adieu—I'll end up this rhyme
By proposing a toast—"To th' Good Summer Time!"

"SUNNY JIM" TO SPEAK FOR RICHMOND POST OF LEGION

With smiling Jack Barry making the announcement, the local post was informed that the speaker for the meeting, March 22nd, will be none other than our airy-minded Governor Rolph. Sure, we'll be there with the belle; but, Jack, you know that doesn't mean we have to vote for him, does it? As a matter of fact we understand that the Governor like all Republicans, is considerably worried over whether he even ought to attempt to run or not, and is making the trip over the state riding in an airplane with his ears on the ground, if you know what we mean.

Assemblyman Cliff Anglim will be the speaker for the Legion at the next meeting on February 22 when he will tell about George Washington.

A FIRE AT THE POINT

Roof Damage To Findley Home On Western Drive

For the first time in months, almost years, the whistle of fire siren were heard at Point Richmond.

The blaze was at the home of the Findleys on Western Drive and the fire boys arrived in time to confine the damage to the roof and the ceiling joists in two rooms.

The occupants of the home were unaware of the fire until the alarm had been sent in by neighbors. Probably caused from a defective kitchen flue.

Mrs. Garvin Convalescent

The many friends of Mrs. John Garvin, 64 Idaho Street, who was returned home yesterday from the Cottage Hospital after her recent illness, will be glad to know of her recovery. Dr. Guinan was in attendance.

Carl Odell Wins Insurance Trip

Carl Odell, the popular insurance man, has been announced the winner of a contest and will again this year receive his prize in the shape of a trip to the home office of the State Farm Mutual in Bloomington, Ill. In company with 53 others from California, Carl will journey eastward over the Santa Fe and return via New Orleans.

CHURCH WHIST TUES. NIGHT

Another of the very enjoyable whist arties which Our Lady of Mercy Church sponsors will be held at the Parish Hall next Tuesday, Febuary 20th, at 8:00 p. m. Hams, bacon, and groceries will be the featured prizes and a large crowd will doubtless attend.

GRAND GARAGE OPENED UNDER NEW OLD MANAGEMENT

John Zacharias and Ed Wendi announce the purchase of the Grand Garage on Standard Avenue and these two gentlmen who have long been noted in Point Richmond for their proficiency in curing motor troubles and general all-around motor experience are now on the job at the place which they originally opened up several years ago. They have complete auto service, tires, batteries, and 100% Standard Oils and Gasolines.

Happy days, boys.

TRINITY GUILD WHIST

The Guild Hall was a happy place last Monday night, crammed full of friends, who came from far and wide to make the party the greatest success ever. Mrs. Carrie Spiersch was general chairman for the affair and desires to express the thanks of the Guild for the wonderful turnout. And don't forget to come next time.

Mrs. Mary Moyle and Mrs. Carrie Spiersch of Point Richmond were among the prize winners at St. Mark's Whist last Friday night.

ROOSEVELT BALL RETURNS

Financial returns have been made for the Roosevelt Birthday Ball. In Richmond the Contra Costa Labor Council was chief sponsor and turned in $390; in El Cerrito, the Federal Club, with $284. To cheer the hearts of sufferers at Warm Springs.

THE FOURTH LOVELY LADY

BY THERESE BENSON

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CHAPTER XIV
—16—

THE next day began as all days began at Lovelylea. Every one was very cheerful and very chatty about the affair of the previous evening, very loud in his praise of the fun and the food.

On the assurance that they would find an equally delicious meal at the Graceys where they were to lunch, the mail arrived, interrupting further discussion of this enthralling subject and as Daly, who had sorted it, came to her side, Smif saw that the top envelope of her pile had been forwarded from New York and was addressed in Bill-Lee's unmistakable handwriting.

She picked it up with an exclamation of pleasure—now she could at last be content. No alien would reign in her beloved home. Ripping it open, she drew out the contents.

The letter it held was short and an enclosure within it fluttered to the floor to lie there disregarded while she read:

"Dear old Smif: On thinking it over, I feel sure it is generosity to me that has urged you on to buy the old place. Anyhow, I don't approve of your living there alone, so forget it as I have. It was a silly plan, and I was a fool to encourage it. I've sold Lovelylea for a good fat figure, so it's over and done with for both of us. I'll have enough now to play polo like a gentleman. Perhaps some day I'll come north with a Chileno team to show New York the game—"

There was a little more but she did not read it, sitting for a moment as if she had turned to bronze. Then she mechanically accepted the slip of yellow paper that Daly had picked up from the floor and presented to her.

It was a check for the amount which, at his request, she had advanced to Bill-Lee, to be applied on the purchase price of the plantation. Legally, should she refuse to accept it, she might be able to enforce her claim—at the cost of informing the world that her brother had broken faith. That she would never do. Her decision was made on the instant.

With a murmur of letters to write before the party set out, she rose and left the room.

Pam was occupied with Paddy Miles; Susan was watching her daughter's happy expression with tender understanding. Her Charlie might not be a romantic figure, but she had married him for love not for money. Most of the others were trying to follow Stone's finger as he traced their route of the day on a map he had spread on the table. Only Eve Goodhue saw Smif's face and half rose as if to accompany her, then sank back in her chair, fearful of intrusion. There was no doubt in her mind that Smif had suffered a blow of some sort, and this impression was confirmed a little later when one of the maids came with a message that Miss Lovely had a headache and was lying down. She would not attempt the long ride with them, and hoped they would make the necessary apologies and explanations to Mrs. Gracey.

"She must be feeling very bad," Susan said, rising. "I'll go up—"

"Let me, mother," Pam begged, "please! I want to see her for just a minute. I'll find out if she ought to have a doctor—"

"We can both go—"

"I wouldn't," Eve spoke deprecatingly. "Headaches get better if one is very quiet. I had one once, so I know."

There was something in the way this was said that caused Susan to sink back in her chair. Eve Goodhue was a very definite personality.

"Very well, Pam, you go," she consented, "and don't stay long."

"Only a minute, mother," Pam pused out, giving her mother a friendly pat as she went by.

Outside Smif's door she knocked lightly. Smif had expected this. She knew some one must come to inquire if anything could be done for her, but she longed passionately for their departure. She wanted to be alone at Lovelylea to take her farewell of all that she had loved through an absence that would have weakened the tie to any save a faithful heart.

"Come in!" she called cheerily enough. She had herself well in hand.

Pam peeped in cautiously as if she expected some serious manifestation of an illness that had laid low so stout a soul.

"Is your head very bad, Smif, darling?" she inquired.

"Not at all," Smif replied promptly. "My head is a polite prevarication. It's something inside me that's dropped a stitch. I know the Box Hall cook and I feel that discretion is the better part of valor for the present, so I'm going to stay—here, she had been about to say "home" only stopping herself in time. Lovelylea was home no longer. Not when Miss Mercedes was to be its mistress. Smif had jumped at once to the conclusion that Bill-Lee had sold to Stone. "Keep the others away, Pam, that's a good scout. I do feel peculiarly rotten, but I'll be all right by the time you get back."

Pam halted for an instant on the way to the door, then returned with a soft little rush and slipped to her knees by the side of the couch.

"I don't want to bother you, Smif dear, but there's something I want to tell you even before I tell father and mother, because I believe you wangled it somehow. Paddy and I have fixed it up. We're going to be married and I'm awfully happy. . . . An Irishman is different from an Englishman, isn't he?"

"To be sure he is," Smif agreed heartily. "Paddy Miles is a peach, or whatever their favorite fruit is in Ireland. I can't think of anything but the potato."

Pam dropped a kiss on her cheek.

"I'm off," she announced, "and I'll see that none of the others bother you."

Fast and Smif lay in semi-darkness waiting for the sounds that would signal the departure of the party for Box Hall. She knew the hour set for the start. She knew that Stone could be trusted to get them going according to schedule, but the minutes still lagged and she looked at her watch half a dozen times before she heard the welcome clatter of horses hoofs as they came around from the stable.

She got up from the couch and seated herself near the window to wait for the return of the stable boys and, sitting there, she looked down on the same vista her father and she had seen when they had watched Taurus, the foxhound, hurrying off on his urgent private affairs while the long lines of rain, like fine drawn threads of ice, fell steadily, to melt into puddles on contact with the earth. Once again she then had a vision of the past. . . . Then she shook herself back to reality, both mental and physical. The group had passed and she was wasting time. Before the others returned she meant to visit all the spots she loved the most; to burn them indelibly into her memory; to store them up against the barren days to come. She leaped to her feet and looked at herself in her mirror before she opened the door of her room. So far as she could see she would pass muster if she met any of the servants. She was a little pale perhaps, but that would not matter since they had doubtless heard that she was ill.

Thoughtfully she went from room to room, peopling them with her memories.

Downstairs she came at length to Stone's study, to find that door shut. She hesitated before it.

Of course.—The dogs! They had been shut in so that they would not try to follow their master. Poor darlings, they and she would be in much the same case once Mercy was mistress here. Persona non grata. Well next to Stone, they loved her. They should come with her on her rounds.

She opened the door and walked into the room. It was a cool morning and a little fire of hickory logs was burning in the fireplace, before which the bulldogs stretched, sleepily luxurious. Although she had come for them, she took no note of them, for at the desk a man was seated.

"Stone!" she exclaimed. "I thought you had gone with the others."

He turned at the sound of her voice, making no reply where none was needed.

"I hoped you'd show up soon," he said. "I want a talk with you. I've something to tell you."

"Your secret?" Smif tried to speak brightly, but there was a load on her heart that seemed to weigh down her spirit. "I can guess what it is, and I'm glad if you're happy—ever and ever so glad, Stone."

She held out her hand which he regarded frowningly without taking.

"Sit down over there," he motioned to a chair on the other side of his desk, not rising to place it for her. Then he leaned his elbows on the blotter and bent toward her. "I wonder if you're as good a guesser as you think you are?"

Smif, too, leaned her arms on the desk, resting her head in her hands.

"I guessed last night," she said. "I'd never been certain before. I'd never seen her when she was not grotesquely fat. In her own house, she's charming, Stone."

"So that was the reason you went off with Susan Phelps and left me in the lurch?" he exclaimed petulantly. "That was a mean trick, when you knew I wanted to talk to you."

"How was I to know that?" Smif asked, annoyed at his unreasonableness. "You never even looked at me all evening."

"And a good reason I had for that," Stone declared. "It made me perfectly furious to see you sitting there wishing me on Mercy."

"Wishing you on Mercy!" Smif echoed his words helplessly. "Honestly, Stone, I don't know what you mean."

"I mean I'm in love with you. Madly, foolishly, insanely in love with you. So much in love that I'm afraid to look at you in public for fear I'll murder any puppy who happens to be talking to you. Don't you know you are a dream come true? Even as a child, I told my mother I meant to marry the girl in the miniature." His eyes held hers. He was bending nearer and nearer. The effect was hypnotic. With an effort Smif wrenched her gaze away. "The very first day I saw you it was all I could do to leave without telling you—"

Mercy.—She must think of Mercy. —She had promised to help her—and maybe Mercy was a prey to the feelings that were tearing at her now. To save herself, since she dared not meet his eyes, she fixed her attention on his mouth. That had been the feature she had held in doubt when first she saw him. Tender, sweet—why had she ever questioned it? And then it smiled and Mercy was forgotten.

"Oh, Stone," she cried softly, "I never knew I liked your mouth before—but I love it."

"I'm glad. I'm glad you do," he murmured, as it sought hers. And as their lips met passion leaped like an electric spark from the one to the other. If it had been unrecognized before, even Smif was aware of it now.

For a space time, as far as these two were concerned, stood still.

Then Smif resolutely drew away from his embrace. Stone, exulting in his hour of triumph, sought to take her in his arms again, but this time she resisted.

"Darling," Smif said, "I can't—we mustn't. Don't you see? It wouldn't be honorable. Mercy paid me to help her to marry you. How can I go to her and tell her I'm going to marry you myself instead?"

"We'll refund her money," Stone said, lazily content to wait for what he now knew was his. "Even you couldn't force me to marry that piece of perfection. And you don't have to tell her anything. I'd love to do it. Hasn't she made me go in fear of captivity for years? I'll call her on the telephone and tell her we're going to be married. When are we going to be married, dearest? Tomorrow?"

"Oh, I don't know," Smif cried distractedly. "I've always been such a success in managing other people's affairs while I seem to be an awful fool about my own."

"Let's make it tomorrow, then," Stone said, taking up the telephone. "After that I'll manage your affairs for you. Ring three on this line, please?"

"Stone! Do you mean to say you have a party line? No wonder Miss Mercedes knew all your plans—"

"Hello! Is that you, Septimus? Tell Miss Mercedes I'd like to speak to her. Yes, it's Mr. Nesbit."

"Don't say tomorrow, Stone. I'll have to bring my sisters here—and Cousin Mab must be told—"

"She knows already," Stone interjected. "Lo, Mercy. Just wanted to make an announcement to you. You won't be surprised. You're such a clever girl—" he grinned impishly at Smif and went on: "I'm engaged to Miss Lovely. . . . Yes, we're going to be married very soon. Thanks awfully. I'll tell Smif that . . Yes, thanks again." . . . You're going to take Gregory's tip? His aunt is positively authentic and able to introduce you anywhere. Will send him over to give you all the details." He hung up again, grinning companionably at Smif. "Just as easy as that. She knew it all the time, she says."

"Seemingly everybody knew it except me," Smif smiled back, thinking how young and handsome and gay he was. Happiness was already making a new man of him. "I don't understand why nobody took me into the secret. I suppose Pam knew it, and Susan and Eve—"

"Not Pam," he answered quite seriously, "she is too busy with her own affairs; but Susan of course—and I don't see anyone keeping anything from Eve—"

What did it matter? Smif asked herself. She had always said it was easier to hide a conflagration than a love affair, only she had not meant that to apply to her own romance.

"I'm still not altogether happy about your neighbor." She nodded her head in the general direction of Rockmoss.

"You may be, Stone assured her. "You see, Madame Saitou, there's something I scarcely dare confess to you. You really are getting a left over. I'm a jilted man. Mercy fell so in love with her own loveliness that she felt it should not be wasted on a mere country squire in ole Virginny. She's out for a title, and Greg, who's a good chap with a sense of humor and a lot of family feeling, has steered her up against one of his own relatives who will present her to the queen and the other assembled aristocrats and who is in need of the ready. That's what we were conspiring about at dinner last night."

"When I was so unhappy," Smif said.

"I guessed that was what was the matter this morning," Stone cried triumphantly, "when Eve warned me that something was wrong and that I'd better stay at home and comfort you—"

Just then two thoughts struck Smif so simultaneously that she could scarcely say which was first.

Stone must never know of her disappointment or her hurt at her brother's broken faith.

And was there any chance that she was wrong in her supposition that he was the buyer of Lovelylea? The mere thought set her trembling. She must know and at once. She was in a panic at the possibility of this upsetting, at such a moment, of her long-cherished plans.

"I Mean I'm in Love With You. Madly, Foolishly, Insanely in Love With You."

"There's only one thing needed now to make me quite content—" she began.

"And that?" Stone asked.

"That Bill-Lee should sell us Lovelylea."

"By Jove, haven't I told you? When that was my secret!" Stone exclaimed. "I wrote Bill-Lee that I wanted to give it to you for a wedding present—"

"Wasn't that rather taking things for granted?" Smif inquired mildly.

No, Stone wagged his head solemnly. "I didn't tell him you were going to marry me. It might have been some other fellow. It was plain they'd be after you in swarms before long. Just cast your eye back to that fool Blanton. Anyhow, I asked your brother to keep it a dead secret, because I wanted to surprise you."

Smif's cup of happiness was now running over. Bill-Lee wasn't a cad and a cheat and ungrateful. She looked back at her lover with shining eyes. He would never know what a wedding present he was giving her.

The dogs rose and stretched. Then seeing the tableau, stood on their hind legs and pawed jealously at their master and mistress.

[THE END.]

Welsh Social

An old time community social and singing meeting was held at the home of Mrs. L. C. Wyatt, 39th Avenue, Richmond, last Sunday evening in honor of Mr. Dan Evans, a well-known poneer miner of Fallon, Nevada. Among thos present were Mr. G. Rabjohn of Sacramento and the following members of the victorious Crockett Choir: Mr. H. Lewis, Mr. G. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. E. Welch, Mr. Leonard Evans, Mrs. S. J. Owen, Miss Nell O'Connell, Mrs. H. W. Pierce, Mrs. Grey, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Lewis and Mr. Massey Moore of Richmond. At the conclusion dainty refreshments were served by the genial hostess.

Dr. Sears is Lincoln Speaker

Students of Lincoln School enjoyed the address on Lincoln delivered by Dr. Lowell R. Sears, former Commander of the American Legion, when he spoke there on Monday morning. Mrs. MacDonald led the orchestra in tunes reminicent of the days of '60, and members of veteran's organizations were present.

Silver Wedding

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Johnson, who were for many years residents of Point Richmond, will be glad to learn of the celebration of their silver (25th) wedding anniversary last Monday at St. Mark's hurch with a special mass at which Fatner Crotty officiated. With their charming daughters, Eleanor and Kathryn, the Ross Johnsons are well known here.

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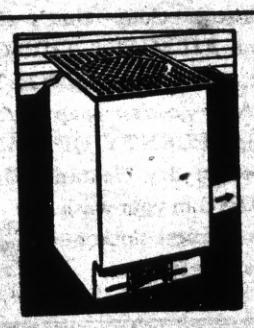

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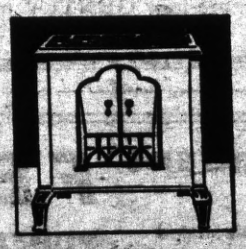

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TOMATO JUICE, Test Tell	No. 1 can 5c
SHRIMPS, Dunbar	5 oz. can 10c
COFFEE, I. G. A., "A" BRAND	1 lb. pkg. 18c
MILK, All Brand	Tall can, 3 for 17c
FLUFFO SHORTENING	1 lb. carton 10c
MAZOLA OIL	Quart can 27c
OVALTINE	14 oz. can 69c; 6 oz. can 39c
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TOMATOES, Palace	No. 2½ can, 2 for 21c
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I. G. A. FRUITS FOR SALAD	No. 1 can 12c
I. G. A. PEARS, Bartletts	No. 1 can 11c
I. G. A. SARDINES	No. 2 oval can, 2 for 15c
I. G. A. OYSTERS	5 oz. can 14c
PALACE CRAB	No. ½ can 22c
CODFISH, Boneless	1 lb. carton 18c
I. G. A. SAUER KRAUT	No. 2½ can 13c
TRUPAK BANTAM CORN	12 oz. can 14c
BEANS, Small White or Pinks	3 lbs. 17c
BEANS, LIMAS, Fancy, Large	2 lbs. 17c
I. G. A. RED SALMON	No. 1 tall can 17c
RICE, Extra Fancy, Long Grain	2 lbs. 15c
I. G. A. MACARONI or SPAGHETTI	8 oz. pkg., 2 for 13c

MEAT DEPARTMENT

CROSS RIB ROAST BEEF	lb. 19c
PREMIUM HAM, Half or Whole	lb. 18½c
100% LEAF LARD	1 lb. carton 10c

FRUITS & VEGETABLES

ARTICHOKES, Tender, Medium	doz. 25c
CELERY, Utah Variety	Each 5c
FRESH PEAS	2 lbs. 15c
CABBAGE, Solid, Large	Each 5c
CAULIFLOWER, White Snow	Each 5c
SPINACH, Fresh, Clean	3 lbs. 10c
ORANGES, Medium Size, Sweet, Juicy	Each 1c
VEGETABLES, Fresh from Garden, 3 bunches	5c

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Smart and Homelike
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Pt. Richmond, California
Phone Richmond 3484

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GARBAGE SERVICE
Lowest Rate in California For Residents of Richmond
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Call Rich. R. 358

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"It Does Make a Difference Where You Buy Your Radio"
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111 Nevada Ave. Ph. RI. 3100-J

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

HOW NIMBLEHEELS GOT AWAY

PETER RABBIT was all a-shake. It was partly excitement, partly fear, and partly hope. You remember how he had gone back to the dear Old Brier Patch without a doubt in his mind that little Nimbleheels had been caught and carried away to the Green Forest by Hooty the Owl. You remember how sad Peter was and how he had sighed and sighed again, and how a thin, high, squeaky voice had asked if he was in pain.

That voice made Peter jump. It sounded exactly like the voice of little Nimbleheels. If Peter hadn't

Very Cautiously Peter Reached Out and Touched Nimbleheels.

been absolutely sure that by this time Nimbleheels must be in the stomach of Hooty the Owl he would have said that this was the voice of Nimbleheels. But how could it be? It couldn't. His ears must have fooled him or else—"Who are you?" whispered Peter. "Are you a ghost?"

"I should say not!" exclaimed the same thin, high, squeaky voice indignantly. "There is no ghost about me! For goodness sake, what is the matter with you, Peter Rabbit?". Out in front of Peter hopped Nimbleheels.

Peter backed away hurriedly. "Go away," said he. "This isn't you. It can't be. You were caught by Hooty the Owl and carried away for his dinner. You can't be in his stomach and here, too, so this can't be you. Go away, please."

"Pinch yourself and wake up, Peter," squeaked Nimbleheels. Then he began to laugh with all his might Peter frowned.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said he rather crossly, for he still couldn't believe what his eyes saw.

Nimbleheels kept right on laughing until he was quite out of breath. "I may not be myself," said he, "but I'm quite sure I'm not anybody else. As for Hooty the Owl, if his stomach feels any fuller on my account I'm willing to make him the same kind of a meal every day. Go over and ask him. I'd like to know what he says. Just touch me, Peter. You'll find I'm real enough."

Very cautiously Peter reached out and touched Nimbleheels. Then his face cleared and he began to laugh himself. "I never was more sure of anything in all my life than I was that you had been caught and carried away by Hooty," said he when he stopped laughing long enough. "You asked what was the matter with me. I was sighing on your account, Nimbleheels. I was sighing because my heart was so sad at the thought that you had been killed and that I should never, never see you again. When you spoke I thought my ears must be playing tricks on me. I certainly did. How did you get away?"

"With the help of a friendly Black Shadow," replied Nimbleheels. "But for that I might be just where you thought I was. I was getting very tired, and two or three times Hooty almost caught me. Then just as I jumped that Black Shadow swept over us and Hooty couldn't see where I landed. I jumped twice more before the Black Shadow passed over, and by that time I was safe. Then I hurried over here to the dear Old Brier Patch to wait for you. You were very wise not to move when you sat out there in the moonlight, Peter Rabbit. I never could have sat like that right in plain sight. I never could have, possibly."

"That was nothing," replied Peter modestly. "I learned when I was very young that there are times to run and times to freeze and sit tight. This was one of those times. Tell me, Nimbleheels, doesn't such a long tail bother you?"

© T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

Weight of Water

The weight of fresh water is about 62.4 pounds a cubic foot. According to the principle of Archimedes, the lifting effect on a submerged body is equal to the weight of the displaced liquid, and any object weighing more than 62.4 pounds a cubic foot will sink in fresh water. Sea water is somewhat denser than fresh water, owing to its salinity, weighing about 64 pounds a cubic foot at the surface, and about 69 pounds a cubic foot in the deepest known places. Any object weighing more than 69 pounds a cubic foot will sink to the bottom in such water.

If Past 45

and "Low" and Upset Look for Acid Stomach

HERE ARE THE SIGNS:

Nervousness	Frequent Headaches
Neuralgia	Feeling of Weakness
Indigestion	Sleeplessness
Loss of Appetite	Mouth Acidity
Nausea	Sour Stomach

Auto-Intoxication

WHAT TO DO FOR IT:

TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful 30 minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

OR—Take the new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets—*one tablet* for each teaspoonful as directed above.

If you have Acid Stomach, don't worry about it. Follow the simple directions given above. This small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts *at once* to neutralize the acids that cause headache, stomach pains and other distress. Try it. You'll feel like a new person.

But—be careful you get REAL milk of magnesia when you buy—genuine PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia. See that the name "PHILLIPS'" is on the label.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM

Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

MEMBER N.R.A.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia

ANTHMA, HAY FEVER, SINUS
Redwood Inhalant, $1 sample bottle absolutely proves its amazing merits. We pay postage. Redwood Chemical Co., Eureka, Cal

UP TO $20.00 EACH paid for Indian Head cents; half cents $125; large copper cents $500, etc. Send dime for list.
ROMANO - - SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

ITCHING

Wherever it occurs and whatever the cause, relieve it at once with

Resinol

GABBY GERTIE

"The man may go acourting, but the girl presses his suit."

Many Schools for Blind

There are some eighty schools for the blind in this country.

GET THIS BEAUTIFUL PICTURE
without extra charge
to users of
STAR OLIVE OIL
"Finest imported from Italy"

"IN OLD VENICE"
in all the beautiful colorings of the original by Bonamici.

Size 12x16 inches.
Well worth framing.
Free from advertising.

Watch for next week's advertisement in this space, with full particulars.

POTPOURRI

Ant-Eater

The South American ant-eater ranges from 4 to 7 feet, its head and tail forming more than half its length. It has no teeth. With long, powerful claws, it digs ant hills, garnering its prey with a long tongue covered with stieky saliva. It sleeps by day and "hunts" by night.

© by Western Newspaper Union.

Second Highest Peak

The second highest mountain peak in the world is in the same chain as the highest, Mount Everest, namely, the Himalayas. It is called Kanchanganga, with an altitude of 28,225 feet. This peak is on the boundary between Tibet and Kashmir, India.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Adv.

A Three Days' Cough Is Your Danger Signal

Don't let them get a strangle hold. Fight germs quickly. Creomulsion combines 7 major helps in one. Powerful but harmless. Pleasant to take. No narcotics. Your own druggist is authorized to refund your money on the spot if your cough or cold is not relieved by Creomulsion. (adv.)

Never Thought of It

Psychology has become a subject of general interest only within the last generation.

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

GEM OR EVER-READY RAZOR, 10 Camel single edge blades, jumbo styptic pencil and blade sharpener, postpaid 89c. Camel Sales Co., Torrington, Connecticut.

STAMPS PACKET
50 used stamps of the world, all different 25c. Walter, 1308 Edwards Ave., N. Y. City

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Reveals all. Send name and birth date. Enclose 15c cover mailing. Louise La France, 2227½ Champa, Denver, Colorado.

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To introduce we mail pkt. 100 seeds, Giant Zinnias, 20 gorgeous colors, for testing, if stamp is enclosed for postage. New Seed Book Free.
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DID YOU EVER HEAR THIS..

It sometimes takes as many as TWENTY silkworms to spin enough fibres to make *one single thread of silk!* . . . That's why silk is so precious—that's why it's well worth while to wash FILMIEST THINGS with Fels-Naptha Soap. It treats them *GENTLY!* Fels-Naptha is GOOD SOAP—*golden* soap that's *richer*. And every bar holds PLENTY OF NAPTHA, the *safe* cleaner used in dry cleaning. Use Fels-Naptha for EVERYTHING in your wash. See how QUICKLY it cleans grimiest clothes—see how GENTLY it washes dainty ones.

FOR BETTER GARDENS

In fresh dated packets at your local store

FERRY'S PUREBRED VEGETABLE SEEDS NOW 5c

Hats That Go Definitely Off-Face

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

HATS off-the-face is latest millinery news. It would seem that the five fetching spring chapeaux in the illustration could not pose farther back on the head if they tried and stay on properly. However, that is the way of the newest brims—to describe a sort of halo above the head which gives us something refreshingly different from the types which have been in fashion for many seasons past.

We are inclined to believe that a conspiracy must have been going on between milliner and hairdresser to have brought about such perfect harmony between hat and hair. We will admit that this new silhouette, at first glance, seems designed for youth only, but by way of encouragement to those who hesitate we're telling you that the off-the-face hairdress and the brim which reveals an expansive forehead are more flattering to those beyond debutante years than one might suppose. Then, too, as the new models continue to join in the style parade it is noted that milliners are introducing little softening touches in the way of front bandeaux and other devices.

Nor is it fair to conclude that a soft arrangement of hair about the face is utterly taboo. On the contrary, fashion is that fickle you are told in one breath to brush back your hair so as to show a placid brow, and the next instant it's rumors of "bangs" which reaches our astonished ears. The first picture in this group unmistakably carries the message of bangs. The little off-the-face hat is a Talbot triumph done in taffeta with a big bow of spotted ribbon.

The talk of town for spring is the Breton sailor. Well, here you see it to the right at the top in the picture. It is made of black toya. The thing that is outstanding about the stripes for facing and scarf is that they are in the now-the-rage Mexican colors, for fashion has gone gaily Mexican this season. Your new suit blouse should be of Mexican striped silk or at least you should wear with your spring suit Mexican-striped costume jewelry. Just a word more about the popular Breton sailor, it need not be as severe in lines as you may conjecture, for milliners are giving all sorts of softening effects.

Perhaps no type of hat is more important this season than is the tiara turban. You will recognize at once that the model centered in the picture is one such. It is fashioned of matelasse straw with a row of buttons accenting the tiara motif.

No matter how staunch you have been in favor of snug close-fitting hats, you are going to find yourself talking, thinking and wearing brims this spring and summer. Which really will not be such a sacrifice after all, for the new brimmed models are that good looking and smartly tuned to occasion, it is said they will even be worn with suits as well as lighter frocks. The model below to the right in the group lends itself admirably to this thought, for it carries a tailored feeling. In this Reboux "Desperado" we see a dashing example of the new side roll which is being strongly advocated.

Last but not least we show you a Reboux halo hat. It is of leghorn, has a bound edge and illustrates the fondness for bows as an under brim treatment.

© by Western Newspaper Union.

SHOES MATCH GARB IN CUT AND COLOR

New shoes for 1934 match clothes in cut and color.

High-throated shoes appear as a smart accompaniment for the high-necked frocks, while oxfords which lace over the top of the foot with six or seven eyelets are shown as advance spring footwear to be worn with dresses which lace up the front.

Shoes which have flecked designs in several tones across the instep suggesting the effect of flecked wools, are shown as a smart accessory to knitted or flecked wool sports frocks, and shoes covered with little diamond-shaped perforations are ready to be worn with high-necked frocks which have a diamond brooch flashing from the high neckline.

Where Coffee Was Banned

At one time in the history of Mohammedanism the drinking of coffee was considered improper for a Mohammedan.

Pronunciation of "Humble"

Dictionaries give the proper pronunciation as "humble," with "h" sounded, adding that the form "umble" was formerly used, but rarely heard now.

Your local dealer carries Ferry's Pure Bred Vegetable Seeds. Now only 5 cents a package. Adv.

Chinese Cure-all

Ephedrine, discovered a number of years ago, and used widely in nasal preparations, is obtained from a Chinese drug plant used as a cure-all in China for 5,000 years.

REMEMBER THIS CROSS

It Means the REAL ARTICLE

GENUINE ASPIRIN — BAYER — Of Bayer Manufacture

When you go to buy aspirin, just remember this: Every tablet of real aspirin of Bayer manufacture is stamped with this cross. No tablet without this cross is GENUINE Bayer Aspirin.

Remember this for your own protection. Tell your friends about it for their protection. Demand and get Genuine BayerAspirin.

Genuine Bayer Aspirin Does Not Harm the Heart

MEMBER N. R. A.

St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, was once called the Gibraltar of America and now holds military interest, as it virtually commands one sea approach to the Panama canal. St. Thomas is the home of the bay rum industry, but the trees grow on a neighboring island. Here the work of coaling steamers is done by women, each carrying a basket of coal nicely balanced upon her head.

Whose Fault?

When a Child Won't Study

"Kept after school!" And it isn't the child's fault, or the teacher's. His mother is to blame. How can a boy get his lessons when his senses are dulled day after day by dosing with sickening purgatives? When a child's bowels are stagnant they need help, of course. But not some drastic drug to upset the stomach, perhaps weaken the entire system; or form the laxative habit. On the right, parents will find a happy solution of this problem: Here's a boy who gets good marks, has time and energy for play. He is never ill, hardly ever has so much as a cold. When he does show any symptoms of being sluggish, his mother knows just what to do. She gives him a little California Syrup of Figs—and that is all. It's a natural, fruity laxative that is agreeable to take, and its gentle laxative action comes from senna. Parents are urged to use just pure California Syrup of Figs. Be sure bottle says 'California'.

Burst Bones Whiten Sugar

Sugar refineries use old burnt bones for filtering and whitening sugar.

Ferry's Seeds are sold only in fresh dated packages. When you buy Ferry's Seeds you are sure of the finest quality available. Adv.

STOPPED-UP NOSTRILS

Open the nostrils and permit free breathing by using Mentholatum night and morning.

MENTHOLATUM

Why the Sudden Change to Liquid Laxatives?

Doctors have always recognized the value of the laxative whose dose can be measured, and whose action can be thus regulated to suit individual need.

The public, too, is fast returning to the use of liquid laxatives. People have learned that a properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement without any discomfort at the time, or after.

The dose of a liquid laxative can be varied to suit the needs of the individual. The action can thus be regulated. It forms no habit; you need not take a "double dose" a day or two later. Nor will a mild liquid laxative irritate the kidneys.

The wrong cathartic may often do more harm than good.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a prescription, and is perfectly *safe*. Its laxative action is based on senna—a *natural* laxative. The bowels will not become dependent on this form of help. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is at all druggists. Member N. R. A.

Tired..Nervous Wife Wins Back Pep!

HER raw nerves were soothed. She banished that "dead tired" feeling. Won new youthful color—restful nights, active days—all because she rid her system of bowel-clogging wastes that were sapping her vitality. NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy)—the mild, safe, all-vegetable laxative—worked the transformation. Try it for constipation, biliousness, headaches, dizzy spells, colds. See how refreshed you feel. At all druggists'—25 cents.

NR TO-NIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, heartburn. Only 10c.

Strawberry Plants, Nickohmer, Banner $4.50 per 1,000; improved new Oregon, Marshall, Lady Corneille $4. George Schnee, Canby, Ore.

White Leghorn Chicks, $7; Reds and Rocks $8. Prepaid. Pullets 35c. Collie pups. Kiger Hatchery, Terra Bella, Calif.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

SAN FRANCISCO'S NEW FINE HOTEL

Every room with tub and shower $1.50 to $2.50. Jones at Eddy. Garage under same roof.

ARE YOU A WEAK, NERVOUS GIRL?

"While attending school my health failed. On account of developing into womanhood at the time my system was naturally weak," said Mrs. Chas R. Percy of 519 E. "I" St., Colton, Calif. "My nerves and general health were so rundown that I was compelled to lose time at school. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription relieved me of this weakness and I have enjoyed perfect health since."

New size, tablets 50 cts., liquid $1.00. Large size, tabs or liquid, $1.35. "We Do Our Part."

Make this lip test

LOOK at them . . . and your cheeks, too, *without* make-up. Do they possess the natural glow of health, which comes from a sufficiency of rich, red blood? If they do, make-up is simple . . . if they don't read on . . . you may find one of the reasons why your skin is not clear and rosy.

You cannot have red lips, rosy cheeks, energy and cheerfulness if your blood is in a run-down condition. Lack of hemo-glo-bin, the red coloring of the blood, may also indicate a weakened condition of the body . . loss of strength . . . poor appetite.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic but a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in restoring a low hemo-glo-bin content. If your condition suggests a blood tonic of this kind, try S.S.S. Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon notice a pick-up in your appetite . . . your color and skin should improve with increased strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two sizes . . . the larger is more economical.

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POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

A Democratic Newspaper That Stands Solidly Behind President Roosevelt's New Deal.
Issued every Friday from the office at
24 West Richmond Ave., Phone Richmond 3456
HARRY R. BURT, PUBLISHER
50c for 3 Months
85c for 6 Months; $1.50 for One Year

The PROGRESS stands for:
1. Abolishing city council "star chamber" sessions.
2. Modification or annulment of the Parr lease.
3. Amendment of our present 1909 City Charter.

GOLD STAR DADDIES

Since the gold content of the dollar has gone down to 59c how will that affect every other end of life? For example, how about the gold stars that our dear Sheriff Veale has issued for the past forty years to each of those who can safely deliver eight or more votes? Will the President's decree calling all the gold into the treasury vaults also require our numerous gold-star deputy sheriffs to ship their stars to Washington?

No, we don't think so because, after all, the gold content of the Sheriff's Stars is said to be about .00000178 per cent. However, if the President now had called for TIN—then, of course, every one of the 17,000 would have to be loaded into a box-car and shipped. Of course, every one knows that the only difference between a tin-star and a gold-star is the yellow "wash."

There is a rumor that since the 18th Amendment has been repealed so the sheriff's office can not confiscate any more stills that the kids in Martinez have had a standard price of 10c apiece for the bottoms of wash-boilers to be brought into the dungeons of the County Court House to be fashioned into a constellation of stars and to be "distributed to the good citizens of Contra Costa County."

But after all is done and said it seems as if about the only people who are most interested in the Sheriff's re-election are the novelty companies. They fear that his defeat will flood the junk shops with enough of the Sheriff's fancy tin stars to the extent that the novelty business will have to close down on account of the over-supply for many years.

Our good friend, J. P. Strom, automobile dealer, is still very much in the game we notice and attended a big meeting of the Harrison organization in San Francisco last Friday.

Miss Louise Navarini left Saturday for a week-end visit with her parents in Reno, Nevada, returning to her home here Monday. Miss Louise works for the CWA at Martinez.

NATATORIUM REOPENED TUES.

The Richmond Municipal Natatorium, show place of Point Richmond, and one of the finest plunges on the Pacific Coast, reopened last Tuesday (though of course you would never get that information from the advertising columns of your hometown Point Richmond newspaper, because the advertising is placed by the business manager of one of the daily newspapers in Richmond). Anyway, the dollar sign isn't the insignia of this newspaper and we accordingly wish a happy and prosperous season for the "nat" and that expenses will be less than receipts.

BEST LAUGH OF THE WEEK

WAS WHEN—our good friend John Wilder, Northern California secretary of the California Newspaper Publishers Association, paid a visit to the Progress and told of a feature story recently published about Harry Butler, of the Stockton ndependent. Mr. Wilder's secretary had come into his office holding a copy of the C. N. P. A. magazine with the story. "My," she said, "this picture of Mr. Butler must have been taken a long time ago—it doesn't even look like him." John threw his hands into the air, and when he came up for the third time, was heard to splutter: "The printer has reached into the wrong bin and come up with a picture, not of Harry Bu--tler, but of Harry Bu--rt!"

Ray Desilets, formerly the popular carrier of the Progress on the downtown route, was in the office for a few hours last Monday. Ray is now happily located at the CWS camp at Felton, near Santa Cruz, and reports he likes the work fine.

Location of Lapland

Lapland is not a separate political entity, but it is a region embracing about 150,000 square miles in northwest Europe, lying partly in Norway, Sweden and Soviet Russia

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1600 Macdonald Ave., Phone Richmond 1583
We carry a Choice Selection of SWIFT'S SELECT BABY BEEF cuts

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155 W. Richmond Ave. Phone Rich. 163

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RICHMOND FRENCH LAUNDRY
(L. Bernes)
Dry Wash, 8c Pound. Shirts of the Dry Wash, 12c
120 Standard Avenue Phone Richmond 345

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SANITARY PLUMBERS and METAL WORKERS
Patent Chimneys, Automatic Gas Water Heaters, Radiant Fire Heaters, Warm Air and Electro-Gas Floor Furnaces
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Established 1902 - Pt. Richmond

BEST BEVERAGES — Lager Beer For These Warm Days
TUNNEL HOTEL
Jack Chasseur M. Cibalo
Rooms—Clean, Comfortable Special Dinners to Order

Eat Your Sunday Dinner and Every Day at
HARRY'S CAFE
Eleventh and Macdonald
In connection with the
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At 269 11th Street
A delightful place to dine where we have 25 private booths, Serving Wines and Bevesages with Meals: Oysters, Cocktails Tasteful Foods, Etc.

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The Funeral Home
Bissell Avenue at Seventh Street
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EXTRA SPECIAL
Electric Toaster & Grill Combination
A substantial and beautifull appliance. Fully guaranteed.... $1.95
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Expert Watchmaking and Repairing
920 Macdonald Ave., Richmond, California

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Back at the Old Stand
John Zacharias & Ed Wendl
at the
GRAND GARAGE
Where we will be pleased to have our friends come in for COMPLETE AUTO REPAIR - Body & Fender Work — Battery & Tire Service — 100 per cent Standard Gas and Oils
130 STANDARD AVE.
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WEST SIDE ELECTRIC SHOP
Wiring Material, Supplies, Fixtures, Vacuum Cleaners, General Repairs
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Demand Blue Ribbon Bread

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PERRY'S CLEANERS

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Spring Is Here

Time to Check Up on Your Plumbing.

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SANITARY PLUMBERS
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METAL WORKERS

Patent Chimneys, Automatic Gas Water Heaters, Radiant Fire Heaters, Warm Air and Electro-Gas Floor Furnaces
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The Progress Press

24 West Richmond Ave.

Richmond Steam Laundry

JOS. BIRTH, Prop.
526 Ripley Phone RI. 612

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lame Bode

WNU Service

Along the Concrete

WORSE STILL

They were discussing a mutual friend.

"Brown is a good fellow, really," said Jones, "but he treats his poor wife miserably."

This seemed to surprise Grey.

"What do you mean?" he asked "Does he beat her?"

"No, no!" said Jones. "He just refuses to argue with her."

Only One Way to Go

"How did you know business was going to get better?"

"By a very simple process of reasoning," answered Senator Sorghum, "all the experts were saying it couldn't get any worse."

PARACHUTE, TOO

He—Darling, will you fly with me?

She—Have you a flying license?

Santa Fe Market

ED MEURER, PROP.

CHOICE MEATS

153 West Richmond Ave. Phone Richmond 163

L. E. JOBST
Service Station
CUTTING BLVD AT TENTH STREET
100% STANDARD OIL, GAS, AND GREASE
Come Up And See Me Sometime

RICHMOND EMPORIUM
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SPECIAL SALE on Mahogany Dining Room Sets, Card Tables, Library Tables, Gas Ranges, Electric Ranges, and Typewriters.

If You Want Those Real Mexican Tamales With Good Beer, Stop At

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Good and Honest Workman
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FOX THEATRE ANNOUNCES FINE PROGRAM FOR NEXT WEEK

Tonight and tomorrow, "The Invisible Man" with Gloria Stuart, Claude Rains and Dudley Diggs also "Should Ladies Behave" with Lionel Barrymore, Alice Brady and Conway Tearle. Sun.-Mon., "Flying Down to Rio" with Dolores Del Rio, Raul Roulien and Ginger Rogers. Tues.- Wed., "Lady Killer" with James Cagney, also "Let's Fall in Love." Thurs., A fine show, "Eight Girls In A Boat."

About Patents

The terms "patent applied for" and "patent pending" have no effect in law, but are notices that an application has been filed in the patent office and that infringers are liable to prosecution when the patent has been issued.

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Large can 10c

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Full quarts 9c

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Light Meat
No. ½ size 14c

COD FISH Frost King
Strictly Boneless
1 lb. pkg 17c

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Excellent for Cooking
Quarts 25c

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3 for 23c

Dash Granulated SOAP
Unusual quality
5 lb. pkg. 37c

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COFFEE Wellman
"Flavor Famous"
Contains Genuine Arabian Mocha
1 lb can 29c 2 lb. can 51c

Large EGGS
From local family
Doz. 19c

CITY COUNCIL MEETING

To park or not to park—diagonally on Macdonald Avenue—was the subject of interest to our honorable council at the meeting last Tuesday night. The Richmond Merchants Association brought the matter up by petition, City Engineer Ed Hoffman gave out the mathematics on the plan, showing a 50 per cent increase of parking space by the antegoddiin arrangement. Councilman Ludewig and Scott thought it might be all right, but Meyer averred he had not yet become onverted; so the matter was held over for another week.

CWA PROJECTS MAPPED

New impovements for Richmond outlined by City Engineer Ed Hoffman include work on the Richmond Police Rifle Range on the West Side at a cost of $3,800 and rip rap wall for Muni. Wharf No. 1, cost $661. Other projects contemplate improvements at Alvarado Park and at Nicholl Park where an aviary will be established, as well as miscellaneous improvements on streets and tree surgery all over the city, the total cost to be $69,846.

Those desiring to register for CWA work should see George Imback, national re-employment manager at the City Hall.

Progress Visitors

Our good friends, Dr. C. R. Blake and R. H. "Rube" Cunningham visited the Progress Wednesday and the "doc" laid the dough on the line for a six months subscription . . . another chip on the bonfire of Progress.

Pistol Shooting News

"Richmond's Finest" ran into difficulties during the last week of pistol shooting, being first defeated by the strong Richmond NRA team, led by Ernie Martin, who gathered 262 to bring his team-mates Regalia, Richards and Log victors over the police team with Captain Wylie, 256, and Officers Ligon, Fray and Povenmore.

Then, on Sunday, Patrolman Harry Craycroft made the good score of 235, but Miler, 281, and Schabert, 263, of the Pacific Pistol Club of San Francisco, established a lead for their team that Blankenship, Haines, Bradeson and Arbuckle of the local force could not overtake.

BASEBALL BY THE MONTH

Nearly five months ago the Palace Markets and the Lambrechts started a baseball game. Last Sunday it was finished! The original game was argued, and protested, and debated and verbal basehits and home runs and errors have been made since at all hours of the day and night to no avail. But the teams finally came to bats, and in the play-off, Kuykendall was able to pitch his Palace Market team to a win over Moundsman Martin to the score of 4 to 1.

SPEED! SPARKLE!! ACTION!!!
Follow the Crowds to
DOG RACES
11 - Thrillers Nightly - 11
America's Only ENCLOSED AND HEATED STANDS
EL CERRITO KENNEL CLUB
Highest Prices! Top Kennels!

DON'T CHEER, BOYS

The Poor Devils Are Dying!

The current rumor is that our newspaper octopus of Contra Costa County a la Billy Hearst s figuring to start another paper at the junction of the cross-roads two and a half miles NW by SE of Pinole. His latest venture, the establishment of the Rodeo Press would seem to lend credence to the report that John F. is considerably worried, what with the New Deal and all, about the coming elections in Contra Costa County so he is leaving no stone unturned to get at least one of his myriad of papers in front of the eyes of every human and gopher in Western Conrta Costa. What with the Richmond Independent and Richmond News and Point Richmond News and El Cerrito Journal and Crockett Signal and Rodeo Press—and we presume ultimately the Glenfrazier Gazette and San Pablo Sentinel and No Man's Land Nomad-the local journalistic impressario will, from a standpoint of volume, at any rate, wield his power of the press with gusto but not abandon. There is this to be said, however, about starting all these papers in the highways and by-ways—it may be found easier to throw the papers into vacant lots there than in Point Richmond, particularly when the "lots" are really acres, or ranches.

CLUB ALLEGRO

"California Wild Flowers and Birds" was the topic subject of discussion at the meeting of the Club Allegro held at the home of Mrs. McNally, 2112 Nevin Avenue. Mrs. C. Pearson is president. This group of ladies which numbers many of our prominent Point Richmond matrons in its membership was organized two years ago.

LENT IS HERE

Last Wednesday morning lent was ushered in at Our Lady of Mercy Church with the blessing of the ashes before the 7:30 mass, the traditional rite of the Church by which the faithful don the "sackcloth" for the 40 days and nights preceding Easter. Special services will be held at the local Catholic Church during the lenten season, rosary, sermon and benediction on Sunday and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. and the stations of the cross and benediction on Fridays, with the Stations at 9:30 a. m. Saturday morning for the children and for those grown-us who can at will, Father Doyle announces.

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Tri-City Democratic Meet

Tonight at Rodeo, Contra Costa County's newest democratic club, the Tri-City Progressive Democrat Club which embraces the followers of President Roosevelt in Rodeo, Crockett and Pinole, will hold their first regular meeting after organization. Quite a number of local Democrats plan to drive up to see what Mike Tanovitz and Joe Longo have to offer.

Lindy Vs. The President

Whatever may be one's opinion of the propriety of making public Lindbergh's telegram on air-mail contracts before the President received a copy of it, there is no question but what our national air-man hero was acting for his best interests when he condescended to give the President his opinion. After all, if this poor editor was to obtain $250,000 in stock of the Transcontinental Air Transport you may have no doubt we would have sent, not one telegram, but five!

CONJECTURE

About two years ago Englebert Dolfuss, premier of Austria, visited Mussolini at Rome. During the visit a trip was taken in a launch. Could it be possible that the conversation which transpired then has its aftermath now in the spectacle of thousands of fascists marching toward the Austrian border when Dolfuss rule encounters the civil war?

RICHMOND THEATRE OFFERS SPLENDID BILL TODAY

Tonight, Big Special, "Gold Diggers of 1933" with all big stars. Tomorrow, "Midnight Club" and "Beneath the Sea." Sun.-Mun., "Girl Missing" and "Young Blood." Tues.-Wed., "Master of Men" and "Riders of Destiny." Thurs.-Fri., "The Life of Jimmy Dolan" and "When Ladies Meet."

Social Service Bureau

The regular monthly meeting of the board of directors of the Social Service Bureau was held in Judge Moore's Chambers at 9:30 Wednesday morning. Mrs. R. G. Lee, Point Richmond matron who is president, presided.

OH, BOY WHAT PRICES!!

Sweet wine only 20 cents a gallon and dry wines for 10 cents. A barrel of oil for 17 cents, dairy cows are listed at $15 to $20—Whoa! don't get too fast, buying these things. For these are merely the valuation prices established by George Meese, county assessor, in making up the valuations for taxation. Since dry wine retails somewhere above $1 per gallon, and George assesses it at 10 cents, wouldn't some of our taxpayer friends feel fine if their $5,000 home was assessed for about $500, but—well, as we have often said, why wish for the moon?

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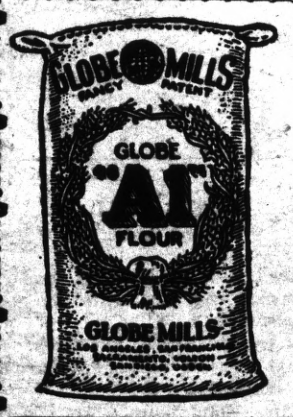

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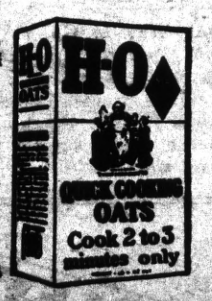

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